brought her to *Meteline;* gainſt whoſe ſhore ryding, her Fortunes brought the mayde aboord vs, where by her owne moſt cleere remembrance, ſhee made knowne her ſelfe my Daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are, O royall *Pericles.*

Per. What meanes the mum? ſhee die's, helpe Gentlemen.

Ceri. Noble Sir, if you haue tolde *Dianaes* Altar true, this is your wife?

Per. Reuerent appearer no, I threwe her ouer-boord with theſe verie armes.

Ce. Vpon this coaſt, I warrant you.

Pe. T'is moſt certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Ladie, O ſhee's but ouer-joyde, Earlie in bluſtering morne this Ladie was throwne vpon this ſhore.

I op't the coffin, found there rich Iewells, recouered her, and plac'ſte her heere in *Dianaes* temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great Sir, they ſhalbe brought you to my houſe, whither I inuite you; looke *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Th. O let me looke if hee be none of mine; my ſanctitie will to my ſenſe bende no licentious eare, but curbe it ſpight of ſeeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles*? like him you ſpake, like him you are; did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, and death?

Per. The voyce of dead *Thaiſa.*

Th. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drownd.

Per. I, mortall *Dian.*

Th. Now I knowe you better; when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis*, the king my father gaue you ſuch a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your preſent kindenes makes my paſt miſeries ſports; you ſhall doe well that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be

ſeene,